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PASTORAL ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH
OF
Mr. THOMAS CREECH.

The Second Edition, Corrected.

[REDACTED]

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Pastoral ELEGY

ON THE

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DAPHNIS:

O R, A

Pastoral ELEGY

Upon the Unfortunate and much-lamented

DEATH

O F

Mr. *THOMAS CREECH.*

The Second Edition, Corrected.

-----*Negat quis Carmina Gallo ?
Hunc etiam Lauri, hunc etiam flevere Myrica.*
Virgil.

L O N D O N,

Printed for John Deeve at Bernard's Inn-Gate in
Holborn, 1701.

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-----Negot quis Carmina Gallo?
Hinc etiam Latini, hinc etiam Hebrei Myrica.
Virgil.

L O N D O N,

Printed for John Deere at Bernard's Inn-Gate in
Hobart, 1701.

DAPHNIS, &c.

THYRSIS. ALEXIS.

THE Rosie Morning with prevailing Light
 Had now dispell'd the humid Shades of Night,
 And smiling *Phæbus* spread his Thirsty Beams
 To drink the Dew, and tast the Silver Streams :
 When on a rising Mountain's fragrant Side
 By *Flora* deckt in all her gawdy Pride ;
 The mourning Shepherd, young *Alexis* lay,
 Sickning at Light, and weary of the Day :
 On conscious Heav'n he fix'd his weeping Eyes,
 10 As if he fought his *Daphnis* in the Skies.
Daphnis, who from the Earth was lately fled ;
Daphnis, (he living) lov'd, and mourn'd for *Daphnis* dead.
 When Generous Fortune kindly brought that way
 Sad *Thyrsis* to assist the pensive Boy,
 To be the kind Companion of his Woe ;
 That both their Tears might in one Current flow :
 Thus then the Youth began a doleful Strain,
 And thus bespoke the Sympathizing Swain.

A

Alexis.

Alexis. Ah *Thyrsis*! hast thou heard the dismal Tale?
 20 How *Daphnis* dy'd in yonder Gloomy Vale!
 Say, couldst thou think that he, whose Verse could move
 A Rock to Pity, or a Stone to Love.
 Who could, like *Ovid*, tendrest Thoughts instill
 Should fall a Victim to a Woman's Will?

Thyrsis. Yes, Shepherd, yes; the Story is too true!
 Look, how the Groves have chang'd their verdant hiew!
 The wither'd Leaves lie scatter'd all around,
 And blasted Flowers disgrace the sacred Ground.
 Yes, he is dead! the poor unhappy Swain,
 30 Lov'd beauteous *L A L A G E*, but lov'd in vain;
 Fantastick, proud, and conscious of her Charms,
 She scorn'd his Love, and fled his wishing Arms.
 Nought cou'd prevail, tho' all Loves Arts he try'd:
 She sacrific'd the Shepherd to her Pride.
 Ungentle Nymph, to thee we owe his Death,
 'Twas *L A L A G E* that rob'd poor *Daphnis* of his Breath.

Alex. Ah cruel Nymph! we've lost the learned'st Swain
 That ever sung on our *Arcadia's* Plain:
 What sprightly Thoughts, what Joy did he inspire!
 40 When with such Art he touch'd the *Roman* Lyre?
 What tender Pity did our Souls invade,
 When he bewail'd the Royal *Grecian* Maid?

How

How well his Muse the fatal Story told,
 When she the poor *Lucretia's* Fate condol'd?
 When *Daphnis* Sung, how did our Groves rejoyce,
 And Grottos Eccho to his charming Voice?
 How slow did silent *Ousa* roul along,
 When *Daphnis* taught us great *Lucretia's* Song?
 Where wandring Atoms in Confusion hurl'd,
 50 Agreed by Chance, and so compos'd a World.
 Whilst Nervous Numbers with harmonious Feet,
 In such a soft, and tuneful Cadence meet;
 As (to his lasting Honour) fully prove
 Chance could not in such Beauteous Order move.
 Then, Cruel Nymph, how could thy Pride refuse
 So soft a Lover and so sweet a Muse?
 Hadst thou but yeilded to our *Daphnis* Love,
 On every Green, in every blooming Grove,
 The Nymphs and Swains had blest thy happy Name,
 60 And *L A L A G E*, and *Daphnis* fill'd the Mouth of Fame.
 But now both Nymphs, and Swains unite their Breath,
 To Curse thy Scorn, and mourn the Shepherds Death:
 Whose Shade now wandring in the pensive Grove,
 Still, still complains of *L A L A G E*, and Love.
Daphnis farewell, farewell unhappy Swain!
 May'st thou in *Lethe's* Lake forget thy Pain,

And

And in oblivion sleep, till thou no more
Remember what thou didst, or what thou wert before.

Thyrsis. See yonder Sheep, how ragged now and bare,
70 A happy Flock, whilst they were *Daphnis* Care,
But now they mope, and straggling o're the Plain
Lament all Day, and mourn their absent Swain :
No more they Joy to Crop the tender Buds,
Nor seek at Noon cool Springs, and shady Woods.
In neither Sun, nor Shade, they now delight,
Nor dread the Foxes, or the Wolves by Night.
Here pin'd to Death, a harmless Lambkin lies,
And there for Grief his bleating Mother dyes.
As if she did with her departing Breath
80 Invoke just Heaven t'avange her Masters Death.

Alex. And *Pan* will sure revenge the Shepherd's Fate
Altho' perhaps his vengeance comes but late.
Last Night returning home, in yonder Grove,
Where we were us'd to sing, and talk of Love,
I heard great *Pan*, and all the Sylvan Train
Of *Daphnis* Love, and *Daphnis* death complain.
The weeping Heav'ns a Shower of Tears distill'd,
And all the Woods were with loud Sorrow fill'd.
Whilst mournful Ecchoes all their Sighs rebound,
90 Wishing they had been something more than Sound.

Pan

Pan most of all the Shepherd's Death deplor'd,
He *Daphnis* lov'd, and *Daphnis* him ador'd.

Oh (my dear Boy) he cry'd, why wouldst thou dare
To view a Face so tempting, and so Fair?

Why, why didst thou indulge the secret Fire?

Ah! why wouldst thou admit the fond desire,

And hope th' imperious *LALAGE* to move?

Why didst thou dye? (alas!) why didst thou Love?

But 'tis in vain to ask; 'twas so decreed,

100 So I coy *Syrnix* chas'd, and caught a trembling Reed.

Fair Fatal Sex! who can our Souls surprize

With tender Looks, and soft bewitching Eyes,

Were you but half as pitiful and kind,

The God of Love had not been counted blind.

On you we Gaze, and feel a pleasing Pain

Steal to our Hearts, and glide thro' every Vein.

Till drunk with Love our weakness we betray;

110 And dye, if you refuse to yield the Joy!

More had he spoke; but Words began to fail,

And breathless Ecchoes murmur'd in the Vale;

Convulsive Sorrow swell'd his throbbing Breast,

Adieu! adieu! he cry'd, and sigh'd the rest.

Thyr. But say what chance, what luckless Fortune drew
The scornful Virgin to the Shepherd's View?

B

Where

Where did his fatal Passion first begin ?

Ah ! Where was she by wretched *Daphnis* seen.

Alexis. Beneath a Shade to shun the Heat of Day,
On *Ousa's* flow'ry Banks our *Daphnis* lay ;
Whilst his glad Flocks around their Master feed,
120 Charm'd with the Musick of his Voice, and Reed :
Of *Chaos* first he sung, and boundless Space,
Before the Birth of Matter, Time, or Place ;
Before Old Night had felt the piercing Ray
Of Light, and yielded to invading Day.
Then, how the wondrous Universe began,
What Order thro' the new-made Structure ran ;
The Birth of Nature, and the Birth of Man.
Then chang'd his Subject, and in softer Strains
Discover'd *Grecian* Loves, to *Brittish* Swains.
Whilst *L A L A G E* from an adjacent Glade,
130 (Where trembling Boughs compos'd a moving Shade)
With Pleasure listen'd to his warbling Airs,
And drunk the pleasing Tales with greedy Ears :
Then o're the Lawns she trips with nimble Feet
To know who 'twas sung so divinely Sweet ;
And as she past along, th' impatient Maid
With curious Eyes each secret Place survey'd,
Still following *Eccho* as a faithful Guide,
Till she at distance had the Shepherd spy'd.

Thyrsis.

140 *Thyrsis.* Ah happy Swain !

Hadst thou but fled from that unhappy Place,
And never seen her fair enchanting Face,
Thou yet hadst been the Lord of all our Plains,
And we yet heard thy soft harmonious Strains.

Alexis. But *Daphnis* to his Fate with Pleasure run,
He saw the Nymph, he lov'd, and was undone.

With haughty Looks, and a disdainful Mien
Apace she walk'd, and crost the shaded Green ;
The Shepherd view'd her as she past along,

150 Dropt down his Reed, and strait forgot his Song,

With wishing Eyes he gaz'd upon her Charms,
And would have dy'd t'have dy'd within her Arms ;
Deep draughts of Love he drunk, and strong desire,
His Breast, like *Etna*, glow'd with inward Fire,
Which when the Nymph perceiv'd, more proud and coy
She look'd, and smil'd with a malicious Joy.

Nor could he since the cruel Tyrant move
(Obdurate Maid) to Pity or to Love.

The sad, the direful Passion still increas'd,

160 Ten Thousand raging Thoughts distract his Breast.

His Flock and darling Muse no longer were

His dear delight, his Pleasure, and his Care ;

The Nymph, the Nymph, he thinks of nought but her. }

But

But hapless Youth!-----

The more he lov'd, the more she scorn'd his Flame,
And seem'd to hate both Love and *Daphnis* Name.

Then from our Groves to yonder Wood he flies,
(Strange Power of Love!) and there despairing dies.

Thyrsis. The last time I the wretched Swain beheld,
120 Was on a Sunny Bank in *Ægon's* Field;

All Fire himself, he minded not to shun
The Heat of Day, or fly the scorching Sun;

Wildly he star'd, his Face look'd pale, and wan,
He sigh'd, and languish'd like a dying Man.

When to him thus I spoke-----

Unhappy Youth!----- and can there be no Cure,
What Tortures dost thou feel, what Pains endure?

Whilst by a cruel unrelenting Maid,

Thou art to Misery, and Death betray'd.

Ah, canst thou not forget her fatal Charms,

130 And take some kinder Beauty to thy Arms?

Return, return to our abandon'd Grove;

And there thou mayst be happy in thy Love.

For thee in amorous Fires *Lycoris* burns,

For thee the lovely *Galetea* mourns.

Wert thou from this inglorious Bondage free,

A Thousand Blessings wait to fall on thee.

The Jolly Troops that us'd to hear thy Lays,

And crown thy Brows with Wreaths of verdant Bays:

In

In Sighs and Tears of thy hard Fate complain,
 190 Begging kind Heav'n to break the subtle Chain
 Which holds thy Heart; and thy sweet Muse restore;
 That thou mayst charm them, as thou didst before.
 Thy scatter'd Flocks too o're the Forests roam,
 Wanting their Shepherd to compell them home.
 Rise then dear *Daphnis*, give this Fondness o're,
 And think of cruel *LALAGE* no more.

Thus I----- and thus reply'd the fighting Swain,
 Ah *Thyrsis*, if thou wouldst remove my Pain,
 Give me my Love, so may I sooth my Grief,
 200 Forget my Cares, and grow more fond of Life:
 For tho' so proud, disdainful, and unkind,
 Without her I can hope no Peace to find;
 My wandring Thoughts her Form do's still pursue,
 And still my Soul ha's *LALAGE* in view.
 Ah savage Fair, wouldst thou this bounty give,
 (For since thou wilt not Love, I cannot Live)
 Wouldst thou but deign to close my trembling Eyes,
 Or drop a Tear or two, as *Daphnis* dyes:
 With Joy, I'd meet the cold Embrace of Death,
 210 And ble's my Charmer with my latest Breath.
 Didst thou but Rage with such a fierce desire,
 I'd rush thro' foaming Seas, and Storms of Fire,

Attempt the greatest Dangers, and not grieve
 To part with Life, so *L A L A G E* might Live.
 But thou malicious fair one, with Disdain!
 Laughs at my Grief, and smiling mock'st my Pain.

Be gone ye Quacks, your Arts no longer boast,
 In spite of all your Med'cines I am lost;
 Be gone ye Cheats, who with vain Charms pretend
 220 To make departed Shades again ascend:
 Be gone ye Zealots, who at Altars bow;
 The Gods are deaf, and cannot hear you now.
 I rave, I rage, I burn, oh! let me fly
 To some dark desert Place, and there I'll dye.

Thus spoke the Swain, and acted as he said,
 Raving to yonder gloomy Wood he fled.
 Where, for a while, with piercing Sighs and Groans
 He fills the Shades, and his dire Fate bemoans;
 Repeating still the cruel Charmer's Name,
 230 And on each Tree records his hapless Flame.
 Till quite o'erwhelm'd with Woe and drown'd in Grief,
 He thus gave up the sad remains of Life.

Farewel ye Swains! to Death's dark Courts I go
 To mourn amongst the weeping Shades below.
 Farewel ye Streams, and conscious Groves, he cry'd.
 So did the dreadful work of Fate, and dy'd.

Alex. Unhappy Youth ! What could the Fates design
To blefs the World with fuch a Mufe as thine,
Yet fuffer Death to ravish her away,

240 E're fhe could half her fmiling Charms difplay ?

What Star, what baleful Planet rul'd thy Birth ?

Shedding malignant Rays upon the Earth,

That thou fhould'ft dye amidft thy Vernal Bloom,

Before thy Mufe had brought her Harveft home !

But 'twas a difmal, fad, untimely Death

That robb'd fo foon the Shepherd of his Breath.

Thus blooming Trees are nipt with killing Froft,

Thus budding Flowers harfh Mildews often blaft.

Had'ft thou furviv'd, what Wonders had we feen !

250 What liftning Crowds had throng'd each Grove and
Green.

Upon thy Voice the Nymphs and Swains had hung,

As when before great *Tytyrus* fweetly fung.

Thyſis. But *Tityrus* is gone, and *Daphnis* fled,

And all our Hopes are with the Shepherds, dead.

Farewel dear Youth, fo faft my Tears do flow,

That Words are wanting to exprefs my Woe.

As *Hebrus* ftopt for Grief his golden Side,

When on it's Banks the tuneful *Orpheus* dy'd ;

So do our Groves, and Rivers feem to mourn,

260 In filent Sorrow, for their Swains return.

In

But thou canst ne're return
 For thou hast crost the irreameable Lake,
 And Charon's Boat comes always empty back.

Here did the Swains their mournful Theme give o're,
 Sighs stopt their Words, and they could speak no more.



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